# Patient Journal

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# Patient Journal

by abbymyg


Summary

Hannibal and Will are burning Hannibal's journals at the office.

When Will finds Hannibal's notes on him, the pages are filled with drawings more than words.


Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will and Hannibal are at Hannibal's office. Hannibal is at the second-floor landing, pulling patient journals from his shelves and throwing them downstairs where Will stands near the fireplace.

"Won't your patients need these after you're gone?" Will asks even as he throws them into the fire, watching them burn.

"The FBI would pour over my notes if I left them intact," Hannibal says, "I'll save my patients the scrutiny."

"That's very considerate," Will says.

"I'm dismantling who I was and moving it brick by brick."

Will hums and keeps feeding the flames. Hannibal throws one final patient journal and Will manages to catch him with his hands. He opens it, and it reveals his name on the first page.

"These are your notes on me," he says, looking up.

Hannibal smiles at him from the mezzanine. "So they are."

Will thinks there's something odd about that smile but he pays it no mind and turns the page of the journal, curious to know what Hannibal had to say about him when they first met. He's sure that the journal won't tell him anything about the unorthodox methods of therapy, the induction of seizures, or the manipulation. Hannibal isn't stupid to leave written records of that.

So he isn't really surprised to find the first few pages filled with half-truths, mostly describing the Hobbs' case, the preventive hypothesis of Will having PTSD symptoms, and his attachment to Abigail. It pains him a bit to read the name, reminding him of the conversation he recently had with Hannibal about her. He turns another few pages, wanting to avoid reading about her, and he stops breathing at what he finds.

The date at the top edge of the page indicates that the contents of the page were drawn in 2013, the year in which they met. And, if his memory doesn't fail him, it was shortly after the angel maker case. Will looks up, glad to find Hannibal with his back to him, still examining the shelves. He was half expecting to turn around and find the man behind him, amused at his reaction.

On the page of the journal, instead of his notes on Will, Hannibal drew a pencil sketch of Will fucking him against his desk. It depicts Will standing behind the psychiatrist with both of his hands holding Hannibal's waist as he fucks into him, his facial expression contorted with pleasure. Hannibal is bent over the desk, his chest flush against the wooden surface and his ass pressed to Will's crotch. His cock is dripping cum on top of papers scattered on the desk.

Will feels his body heat from head to toe. Suddenly standing near the fire becomes unbearable, but he's scared to even breathe, let alone move, and alert Hannibal of what he

found. His mental gears turn at full speed, trying to decide whether he should say something or close the book, throw it to the fire with the others, and pretend that nothing happened.

He chooses a third thing: make sure Hannibal is still not behind him—he's still upstairs, good—and keep snooping through it. He skips a few pages and finds another drawing, of Will dressed this time ( *thank God* ), standing near the window of the office, looking out. He once again checks the date and finds it to be from a day he remembers too well: the day Nick Boyle's body showed up and he visited Hannibal to tell him Abigail was the one that killed him. Of course, Hannibal already knew that.

He quickly turns a couple more pages, not wanting to read about the girl, and finds another drawing that almost makes him drop the journal. He manages to catch it before it hits the ground and opens it again to examine the sketch. This one is dated to earlier this year, barely after Will was freed from prison. His heart races so fast that he can hear the blood pumping echoing in his ears. On the page, Hannibal is kneeling on the floor of his office in front of Will, who is seated on one of his leather chairs. Hannibal is fully clothed, while Will's pants are slightly pushed down. His cock is out of his underwear and slightly inside Hannibal's mouth. His fingers are threaded in Hannibal's hair and his head is thrown back in pleasure, while Hannibal's eyes look straight at him. Will is surprised at the amount of detail, and how he can even see the sweat and saliva. He blames the realistic and pornographic quality of it for the way his pants begin to feel tight.

He turns a few more pages and he is confronted by another pencil sketch of them, this time of Hannibal seated on Will's lap on the office's settee. His mind provides him the very unuseful image of Hannibal bouncing up and down on his lap as Will fucks into him. Will licks his lips and is about to close the journal when he feels Hannibal's breath against his neck, making him jump in surprise and turn around.

"Ah, a particularly good one," the psychiatrist says without an ounce of guilt, grinning instead. There are crinkles around his eyes.

Will wants to punch him.

"Hannibal," he says, slowly, closing his eyes momentarily to avoid his gaze. He has so many questions to ask, so many curses he wants to scream at the man, but none of them come out.

He swallows hard, and opens his eyes again, making eye contact with Hannibal. Will takes a deep breath as he lets his empathy do its work, immediately feeling overwhelmed by the intensity of Hannibal's emotions. It's a mixture of different sensations that invade him that make his head hurt. He feels Hannibal's very-well disguised insecurity, his unbearable desire for Will, his lust, his doubt, and even a hint of nervousness. But deeper, hidden, and buried behind all of that, he feels what Will could only define as Hannibal's brand of love. Poisonous, dark love, black and thick like tar, that oozes from the doctor and invades Will's entire body, flowing through his veins and reaching every one of his organs.

Will gasps, suddenly feeling out of breath. He feels guilty, and this feeling is his own, not Hannibal's. Guilty for lying to him, for what happened with Freddie Lounds, for conspiring with Jack Crawford against him. He wants to confess. To tell him everything. To let himself

bleed into Hannibal. To never leave him. To dip his toes in the black tar of Hannibal's love and drown.

"Will, I—" Hannibal says, but Will doesn't let him finish.

He drops the journal to the floor and kisses him, pushing Hannibal against the wall, right next to the fireplace. The kiss is desperate and needy, demanding. It's everything Will has ever wanted. What both of them had ever wanted, if what he felt before was true. His hand grasps Hannibal's shoulders as he presses him up against the cold wall. Hannibal barely responds to the kiss, too taken by surprise to do so. Still, Will feels him melt under his touch.

Then Hannibal pushes him away and Will blinks, confused, before frowning. His heart rate picks up when he looks into the man's eyes and finds them wet, sadness and anger radiating from him in waves.

"Hannibal, what—?"

"You lied to me," he says, and he sounds so broken that Will's heart breaks as well.

"What?" Will asks because he doesn't know what else to say. He has, it's true, but how did Hannibal know?

"Freddie Lounds, I smelled her on you, Will," he explains. "You went to see her before coming here. She's alive."

*Shit* . Will totally forgot about his hyperosmia.

"Look, Hannibal, yes, you're right, she's alive," Will says, headache worsening as he does his best to think, fast. Things could turn sour with just one wrong word, and he doesn't want to have to fight for his life in Hannibal's office where weapons could be hidden in every corner. "I'm sorry, Hannibal, I really am, I wanted to kill her so badly, I really did, but…"

"But you didn't want to disappoint Uncle Jack," Hannibal finishes his sentence. "You're working with him to entrap me."

Will closes his eyes for a second then swallows before replying. "Yes, I was, I am, but please just, listen to what I have to say," he pleads, "then you decide if you want to stab me with your scalpel after."

Hannibal clearly doesn't want to listen to him because he lunges at Will, knocking him off balance, and pinning him to the floor. Will groans as his entire body hits the wood with the added weight of Hannibal on top of him. Will feels the sharp edge of Hannibal's blade pressing against his throat, but he doesn't flinch. Instead, he meets Hannibal's gaze, trying to project his sincerity onto his face. Hannibal's hands are shaking and, with the workings of gravity, the tears welling in his eyes are dangerously close to falling.

"Hannibal, would you please just—" Will interrupts his words to gasp when he feels the blade nick his skin and his instinct to fight back kicks.

He pushes with all his strength at Hannibal's chest with both of his hands, but the man is like a stone wall on top of him. Will can't move him that way, and the blade presses harder against his neck, even as Hannibal's hands are still shaky, unsure. Will can't see him internally fight against what his instincts are telling him he should do and what he actually wants to do. Will is fighting the same battle inside his brain.

Will has an idea. He wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist, holding him firmly in place, and turns them around with all of his strength so Hannibal lies under him instead. He uses the element of surprise to pin Hannibal's wrists to the floor and squeeze them, not enough to be painful but to keep him in place.

"Hannibal," Will says again, voice firm. "I'll let you slit my throat and eat me if that's what you want but listen to me first," he insists. "I didn't kill Freddie Lounds, as much as I wanted to, yes. I was working with Jack to entrap you, yes," he admits.

Hannibal frowns and squirms under him but Will manages to keep him still.

"But I'm tired, Hannibal," he continues. "I'm tired of lying to myself. I'm tired of doing what other people expect me to, what society expects me to." He licks his lips before continuing. "And I'm tired of feeling the irresistible pull of your affection and wasting all of my energy trying to resist it." He feels his eyes water, mirroring Hannibal's. "Of telling myself I don't want you as well, that I don't want to kill and bathe in blood with you."

A tear escapes from Will's eye and falls to Hannibal's cheek, mixing with Hannibal's own. The psychiatrist takes a sharp intake of breath, chest heaving under Will.

"I want to run away with you more than anything," he confesses. He feels as if a weight has been lifted from his shoulders. "Forget about Jack, forget about Alana, forget about Freddie. I don't care about any of them. I only need you."

This time it is Hannibal who kisses Will, his eyes closed as he holds him closer, and Will realizes, with a smile, that maybe it wasn't too late to make his decision after all. Hannibal's face is wet from the tears and Will dries them with his fingers that have since forgotten about holding Hannibal's wrists in place. Hannibal wraps his arms around Will's neck, pulling them even closer. Will doesn't ever want to leave his embrace. They have to break apart after a few moments, however, to breathe.

"I believe you," Hannibal whispers as he strokes Will's jaw with his knuckles. "I forgive you."

Will gives Hannibal a soft peck and brushes the hair out of his forehead. "We could go kill her," he says. "I know where she is hiding."

Hannibal shakes his head. "No, let Jack think you're still on his side," he says. "I don't need a sacrifice, Will. Do you?"

"No," Will agrees.

“Then we should leave before someone puts us on a no-fly list,” Hannibal says, hands falling to rest on Will’s waist.

“We should,” Will echoes and kisses Hannibal again. He just can’t stop.

So he doesn’t. He keeps kissing Hannibal until both of their lips are red until he feels Hannibal’s erection against his ass. The doctor moans softly against Will’s mouth, and Will moves his hips in circles on top of him.

“Will,” Hannibal warns but Will pays it no mind.

“We should honor your drawings before we leave,” Will says, moving to pepper kisses across Hannibal’s jaw and neck. “There must be one of me fucking you on the floor, is there not?”

Hannibal moans, his hips bucking forward involuntarily. Hannibal’s cheeks are stained a faint shade of pink.

“I don’t think we’ll have time to recreate them all,” Will continues, whispering right into Hannibal’s ear. “But we have to make the most out of the time we have, don’t you think?” He bites at his lobe and pulls.

Hannibal lets out a soft whine and Will chuckles.

“Sensitive, are we, Doctor Lecter?” he teases, nibbling on his skin once more just to hear him again. “Tell me, how many times have you envisioned this?” Will asks, untangling Hannibal’s tie to take it off. “How many times have you thought about me doing this to you?” He begins to unbutton his shirt. “Dreamed about it?”

Hannibal doesn’t give him an answer and Will licks his neck, biting in the junction between his neck and shoulder. It’s not hard enough to draw blood but Will is certain that, at some point in the night, he’ll taste the cannibal’s blood on his lips. For now, the feeling of Hannibal’s pulse against them is enough.

“Answer me, Hannibal,” Will demands as he moves lower, mouthing at the man’s chest.

“Yes,” the doctor admits, gasping when he feels Will lightly bite at one of his nipples. “Will, please.”

The way he pleads makes a hot, burning pleasure surge low in Will’s stomach. The fact that he can have the cannibalistic serial killer that has been eluding the FBI for years, the Chesapeake Ripper, the man that can kill someone in seconds, under him. begging Will to fuck him is intoxicating. It makes him feel powerful. It’s maddeningly arousing.

He leans down to lick from Hannibal’s neck to his lower abdomen, peppering kisses and bites where he can. He traces Hannibal’s ribs with his fingers, memorizing the shape and lines of his body, every curve, and angle. Hannibal shivers beneath him, letting out a small gasp as his hands grab onto Will’s hair to try and pull him closer. Will smiles against Hannibal’s skin and moves even lower, towards Hannibal’s pelvis. He bites lightly at the skin of his hip bones and his fingers move to Hannibal’s inner thigh. The psychiatrist moans softly and Will licks

his lips in anticipation. If Hannibal already reacts like that to his touch while he still has his pants on, he can't wait for the sounds he'll make when he takes them off.

"Is this in your journal too, Doctor Lecter?" Will asks as he unzips them.

Hannibal sighs when Will's fingers brush his erection still trapped in his underwear. "Yes," he admits, sounding slightly breathless.

He arches his back instinctively as Will slowly removes his underwear, curious eyes gleaming in the light as he takes in Hannibal's cock. He looks like a predator ready to pounce on its prey and he licks his lips eagerly, almost unconsciously. He doesn't hesitate to take him in his mouth.

Hannibal jerks violently and cries out, his hands fisting into Will's hair. It's the first time Will's seen him so undone and he can't hold back a pleased purr. Will moves his fingers up and down Hannibal's shaft slowly in rhythm with his lips, humming against him as Hannibal writhes beneath him. Will's eyes pierce into Hannibal's own, wanting to see the lust in those brown eyes and the desire mirrored in them. It makes his heart jump.

He stops his kitten licks and takes Hannibal fully inside his mouth. His gag reflex kicks in when the head reaches his throat, but he ignores it, feeling his eyes fill with tears as a result. Hannibal's hand is still on his head, fingers threaded in his hair, not pushing, just holding him as he bobs his head. The sweet moans and whimpers that he lets out go straight to Will's cock.

"Will," Hannibal begs, and his voice comes out husky, desperate, full of desire.

Will knows he's close. He sucks harder and faster, wanting nothing more but to taste Hannibal on his tongue. To drown himself in the sound of Hannibal's voice.

"Will!" Hannibal screams out when he climaxes. It's the hottest thing Will has ever heard.

Will lets the bittersweet taste dance on his tongue, mingled with the tang of Hannibal's affection and vulnerability. It's both an act of possession and devotion. He swallows everything and licks the salty liquid from his lips. He's still trembling when Will pulls off his cock. Hannibal looks dazed and exhausted. His breathing is fast and erratic, his eyes heavy-lidded.

"You're beautiful," Will tells him, depositing a small kiss on the inner side of his thigh, next to his softening cock.

Hannibal whines and reaches down to cup Will's face and bring him up, closer. He can taste himself on Will's tongue when they kiss, and he moans in appreciation. Will strokes circle patterns on Hannibal's neck and thigh while they kiss, then slowly moves them to his perineum, brushing over his entrance.

Hannibal lets out a shaky moan. "Will," he groans.

Will chuckles and gives him a peck on the lips before leaning back. “You don’t happen to have lube in your office, Doctor Lecter?” he asks teasingly.

He grins. “On the desk. Second drawer. First aid kit,” he replies.

“Of course you do.” Will rolls his eyes but gets up to grab it anyway. “Do you have sex in your office often?” he asks as he opens the kit and finds the little tube. He chuckles. “Medical grade,” he says, shaking his head. “Why am I not surprised?”

“It’s used in certain types of surgeries,” Hannibal replies, still a bit distracted with post-orgasm bliss.

“You do a lot of surgeries in your office, doctor?” Will raises an eyebrow and closes the drawer. “Or do you just keep it here to touch yourself after your sessions with me?”

Hannibal makes a sound between a whimper and a moan. His cheeks are pink again, and Will basks in the glory of being probably the only human being alive to see Hannibal Lecter embarrassed and live to tell the tale. He also gets a thrill from it and from the idea of Hannibal jerking off thinking about him, imagining him making love to him, ravishing him in the different ways depicted in his journal.

He returns to Hannibal, uncapping the lube on his way. He sits down in front of him and pats Hannibal’s calf.  “Spread your legs for me, darling,” he requests.

Hannibal does, and Will scoots closer. He squirts some of the lube on his fingers before pressing two digits against Hannibal’s hole. Hannibal’s hips buck forward instinctively, making Will smile. The man is fully hard again already, and Will’s smile grows even bigger when he sees a drop of precum leaking from the tip and falling down the shaft. He licks it up, showing Hannibal his tongue before swallowing it.

“Please,” Hannibal begs sweetly.

“Impatient, are we, doctor?” Will teases him. He gives a chaste kiss to his cock before sliding the two fingers inside of him.

Hannibal moans loudly, spreading his legs even further as if that would coax Will deeper inside of him. Will chuckles softly as he continues to thrust his fingers inside, opening him up. At the same time, he presses kisses along the length of Hannibal’s cock and strokes him with his free hand. Hannibal’s thighs tremble, and Will can feel his cock twitching against his palm, dripping more beads of precum.

“Will, I need you,” Hannibal says. “I need you, please.”

He repeats that five-word combination like a mantra. And Will desperately needs him as well, so badly it hurts. If Hannibal keeps begging him so kindly, he might just give in. Hannibal sneaks a hand to his belt and Will allows him to unbuckle it with shaky fingers. Hannibal then slides his fingers under the waistband of his pants and pulls them down to allow Will’s cock to spring free.

Will moans, relieved from his confinement, and groans when Hannibal's fingers wrap around his length, stroking him firmly, circling the head with his thumb. He doesn't let it distract him from the task at hand, though. He keeps fingering Hannibal, stretching him open, and teasing his prostate. It makes Hannibal dizzy with pleasure.

"I think you're ready, doctor," Will declares after a while, retracting his fingers.

Hannibal moans at the sudden absence, hole fluttering around nothing. Will watches it all, mesmerized. His cock throbs in response to Hannibal's obvious need and he uncaps the lube once more to spread on his length.

"Take me," Hannibal whispers.

Will grins, giving his cock a couple of strokes before lining himself with Hannibal's entrance, thrusting between his cheeks. "Beg me, Hannibal," he says. There's a cruel shine in his eyes. "Beg me to make you mine."

"I've been yours since the day we met, Will," Hannibal manages to say, breathlessly.

Will can't help the gasp he lets out, freezing in place. Hannibal smirks, proud of himself for making him react like that. Will wants to wipe that expression from his face.

He moves quickly, grabbing Hannibal's neck firmly with his hand. Hannibal's eyes immediately widen in alert, studying his expression for any signs of deception. Will tightens his hold and relishes the way Hannibal's pulse quickens under his fingertips.

"Beg me," he orders again, tone firmer. "Beg me to claim you as mine, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal swallows with some difficulty under the pressure of Will's hand, Will feeling every movement under it. He opens his mouth to speak and Will relieves some of the pressure to allow him to.

"Please, Will," Hannibal voices. "Fuck me, please, make me yours," he obeys.

Will smiles, satisfied, and kisses Hannibal, sinking his teeth in his lower lip hard enough to draw blood. He feels Hannibal's cock pulsing between their bodies, wet with arousal, and Hannibal moans into his mouth, which only makes him kiss him harder.

He pulls away and grabs himself in his hand once more, pressing against Hannibal's entrance. "Ready?" he asks.

Hannibal is half-trough saying "yes" when Will enters him, thrusting hard. Hannibal's words break into a moan, his hands moving to hold Will's back. He wraps his legs around Will's waist, giving him a better angle and holding him close. Will doesn't give him time to adjust, thrusting quickly and hitting his prostate every time.

Hannibal moans under him, cheeks glistening with tears. His eyes are squeezed shut and his mouth hanging open, face completely contorted in pleasure. Will hopes he had enough artistic talent to be able to convey it in a sketch like Hannibal does with him. He hopes Hannibal could see himself like this. He is breathtaking. Beautiful.

A quick thought of filming him crosses his mind. He ignores it for the moment but saves it in one of the corners of his mind to return to later.

Will fucks him deeper, harder. Hannibal feels so tight around him, so hot. He knows Hannibal is approaching his second orgasm and he wraps his fingers around Hannibal's cock. His cock is wet from the copious amount of precum and Will strokes him slowly, in an almost lazy way. Hannibal shudders and whines anyway.

"Come for me, doctor," Will whispers in his ear, hips pounding into him recklessly. "Come for me."

"Will," Hannibal moans, arching his back as he comes.

He holds onto Will's shoulders, gasping for air as his cum paints both of their chests white. Will doesn't allow him time to recover, his hips snapping at an even rougher pace. He feels his own impending orgasm nearing. He captures Hannibal's lips with his own, kissing him one last time before he comes with a scream. His muscles twitch and he shivers, filling Hannibal up.

His body gives up on holding him and he collapses on top of Hannibal, panting heavily. They stay like that for a few minutes, Will not wanting to get out of him, and Hannibal not wanting to let go of his hold around Will's waist.

After a few minutes, Will kisses Hannibal again, a lot softer this time, almost chaste. Hannibal looks the happiest he's ever seen him, his hair a complete mess and his forehead drenched in sweat. Will's heart has never felt more full.

Then a sudden, loud siren sound comes from the street, and the two of them tense up. They stay still as they listen, the sound growing louder and louder until green lights light up the office for a couple of minutes before fading along with the sound as the ambulance drives on. They both relax, but they're reminded they're working against time.

"Do you have our passports ready, doctor?" Will asks, propping himself up on his elbows.

"Yes," Hannibal replies.

Will nods and slips out of Hannibal, the now-cooling cum leaking out as well. Hannibal whines at that and Will chuckles.

"Come on," he offers him a hand. "I'll have time to fuck you as much as you like when we are in…" Will pauses. "Where are we going?"

"Florence," Hannibal replies. He accepts Will's hands and gets up. "We're going to Florence."

End Notes

Also for the Bottom Hannibal Fest event!

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